

Keily | Get Out of There!

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“Don’t forget about your project,” Mrs. Green said, picking up her books and binders from her desk. “I’ll be going through it tomorrow, and I better see some progress.”

With a warning glare, she stormed out of the computer lab, unaware of the trouble she’d left behind.

I peeked at James, who was sitting next to me and looking right back at me with a frown. This time, I shared the reason for his annoyance: We had to work together.

For the past few days, we’d been avoiding each other, or more like he hadn’t been bullying or targeting me anymore.

He seemed to be content pricking my body with his blazing gaze from afar, but I, too, was guilty of stealing glances at him. It had been like that since Monday, and today was Thursday.

Maybe his change in attitude had something to do with our kiss or perhaps the punch that Lucas had given him.

I didn’t know the reason, but I was totally okay with this new arrangement between us, hoping it’d last forever.

However, a tiny—very tiny—stupid part of me was irked by James’s sudden mood to ignore me.

It made me feel discarded, as though I wasn’t worthy of his attention now, even if his attention meant name-calling and insults. Like I mentioned, *a very stupid part of me*.

I was still grappling with my feelings for this asshole.

“James,” I called gingerly when I saw him packing his stuff. He stopped and turned his scowling face back to me. I blushed nervously under his smoldering eyes.

“We haven’t worked on our website this week. What will we show to Mrs. Green tomorrow?”

Working on our computer project with James was the last thing I had in mind after all the stuff that had happened, so I’d procrastinated asking him about it—not that he’d been in any rush either.

We’d barely exchanged words this week. But now we had to put aside our drama for precious grades.

Also, last week Mrs. Green had praised our website’s homepage, so I didn’t want to disappoint her; I was sort of a teacher’s pet.

“I have practice,” James said. His features relaxed a little, making him less scary. “Can you wait for an hour after school?”

I nodded. I’d already been waiting for Addison almost daily.

“Then we’ll go to my house and work there,” he stated, his clipped tone leaving no room for objection. Still bossy as ever. “Later, I’ll drop you off at your home.”

He stood up, hiking his bag over his shoulder, and stared down at me from his towering height. After my feeble, “Okay,” he walked away.

My eyes followed his broad back until he disappeared out the door.

A strange giddiness whirled inside me at the thought of working with him at his house, *where we had kissed*. I didn’t know if it was fear or excitement. Or both.

My phone beeped, pulling my eyes away from the notebook on which I was writing my English essay.

It was a text from James, informing me that he would be in the parking lot in five minutes. After replying, “I’ll be there,” I packed up my stuff and left the library.

Earlier, I'd texted Addison to let her know I would be going with him. She hadn't been as fussy about it as I'd expected. I guessed everyone had noticed James's change in behavior toward me.

My cousin only reminded me to put my foot down this time if *the bastard* tried anything.

I'd already promised myself not to let James verbally bash me as he desired, and Addison's text only encouraged me to follow through.

Each step closer to the school's back gate felt heavy. Despite my new resolution, I was still nervous about him.

Also, my lower abdomen had felt funny since lunch.

When I reached the parking lot, I spotted James leaning against his black Camaro—looking sinfully handsome as always—with his arms folded across his chest and his biceps stretching his long-sleeve T-shirt.

His hair was wet, and a few locks covered his forehead. He'd just gotten out of the shower.

James stood up straight once he saw me. His piercing gaze lit up my body with awareness. After almost a month, I still couldn't control my body's reaction in his presence.

It didn't help that I couldn't decipher if his eyes contained strong hate or something else. After Friday night, the situation between us had become more confusing.

"Let's go," he said as I reached him. He opened the car door for me. I climbed inside, and he shut the door before rounding the car to settle in the driver's seat.

"Where are the others?" I asked, putting on my seatbelt. Many cars were still in the parking lot, and there was no sign of his teammates or cheerleaders.

"I left early," he replied curtly, reversing the car and pulling out of the spot.

"Oh."

On the road, an awkward silence stretched between us. I didn't have the will to make small talk with him when he looked seconds away from snapping.

I didn't know how long his civility would last. So, I just pulled out my phone and mindlessly scrolled through Instagram, highly aware of the devil driving beside me.

When we passed the town's market street near his neighborhood, a stabbing pain erupted in my belly. It was followed by several others, and I had to clutch it to stop myself from groaning.

This was my body's ritual before I was about to—

Oh...no...

My luck can't be that bad?

A minute later, with the pain came the sensation in my underpants that I feared. I was dripping. Down there.

Of course. My luck sucks.

"Don't tell me it's time for you to feed," I heard James say.

And now this asshole decides to talk.

I turned to him and found an arrogant smirk plastered on his face.

Immediately, I removed my hand from my belly when I saw him eyeing it.

I shook my head, even though he didn't see it. His attention was back on the road.

"What would you like to eat?" he asked, or more like taunted. "Can't have your stomach empty. I'm sure you're not used to it."

"I don't want anything from you," I threw back, fisting my palm when another wave of uterus-punching hit me.

"As you wish, but don't whine later."

I didn't reply, focusing my energy on stopping the flow by clenching my thighs. *Yeah, that'll totally work.*

Thankfully, James didn't say anything else either.

I didn't have any tampons with me. They were in my school locker.

I wished I could say I was one of those girls whose periods' first days were light and slow. But mine were heavy and very painful in the beginning.

To add a cherry on top, I was wearing white cotton pants.

And now here I was, menstruating in James Haynes's expensive Chevy Camaro. God forbid I stained its leather seat; he'd never let me live it down.

I could already hear the insults and taunts from his mouth. He would make sure to embarrass me for the rest of my school life.

I needed to get out of here.

However, before I could come up with an excuse to make James drop me at home, he was already pulling up to his mansion's garage.

There went my chance. And dignity. And life.

When James got out of the car, I made sure to go after him and sneakily check the passenger's seat for any spots. To my relief, there were none.

His family garage housed three more vehicles other than his: a Jaguar, a Range Rover, and a Mercedes-Benz.

I wasn't in the mood to admire them in my current predicament, but it seemed James was the humblest one when it came to cars.

He opened the back door by typing the code on the number pad beside it. We entered the large living room and ascended the stairs. Unlike Friday night, the house looked spooky with no one around.

Though I did hear some rattling sounds from the kitchen. James didn't look bothered, so maybe they were housekeepers.

I made sure to stay behind him. I tried to use my bag to cover my back in case someone else came out, but it barely reached my waist and was too small to provide any coverage for my butt.

Though my cramps had calmed down a little from walking, or maybe I was too nervous to pay attention to them.

We reached the hallway upstairs, and memories of the party surfaced. The last time I was here was when James and I had fought. When I'd told him I hated him. It had been a bad night.

And today is a bad day. I swore this house was cursed for me.

The wetness between my legs increased with each step. My hands and legs felt clammy. I was silently panicking.

We passed three doors before entering his room. It was big, neat, and bright from sunlight streaming through the large windows. There was even a balcony.

His king-size bed had lamps on either side, and a large LED TV was right on the opposite wall.

The computer desk was next to his bed, with a gaming PC and a gaming chair that was common among streamers these days.

The walls of the room were white except for one, which was black and had framed photographs on it.

Most of the photos were of him with his school friends—Lucas was in almost every one of them—and only a single one was with his parents and brother, taken when he would have probably been no more than eleven.

Younger James was kind of cute, with the wide grin, ice cream in his hand, and London's Big Ben behind him. He looked like a sweet child in it, completely the opposite of the way he is now.

Other photos were of him at his football championships and on outings with others.

James put his bag on the chair, took out his laptop from the desk drawer, and threw himself on the bed.

"You're welcome to join me if that's the invitation you're waiting for," he said when I didn't move. He had already gotten comfortable on his bed, his legs sprawled out, and his laptop on his thighs.

I was standing near the door. My underwear was drenched by now. I had no doubt my pants were stained too. How embarrassing. “Um, I...I need to use the washroom.”

I had to see the damage and work with toilet paper.

He pointed to his left, not looking up from the screen. To go to the bathroom, my backside had to be in clear vision of James. I mean, I could have walked backward, but that would’ve been weird.

Since he was busy with his laptop, his seeing me wasn’t going to be a problem if I quickly dashed inside, right?

Please let my pants be okay, I prayed, putting my bag on the floor—it wasn’t helping anyway. I bolted toward the bathroom. My fingers were about to grip the handle when—

“What the hell?!”